

Alone Worth the Price of Admission"

"DEMOCRACY is a maximum of order with a minimum of coercion."—William J. Kerby of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., as reported in *Sociology and Education*, University of Chicago Press. \$1.50.

"The Germans . . . are all under the stimulus of one of the best climates in the whole world."—Ellsworth Huntington in *World-Power and Evolution*, Yale University Press. \$2.50.

"To many a self-ordained decimation of the race may appear desirable."—D. P. Rhodes in *Our Immortality*, Macmillan Company. \$2.

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"If a stranger passing me on the street hands me a \$5 bill, I should feel myself disgraced if it went into my pocket."—George Herbert Palmer in *Altruism: Its*

Nature and Varieties, Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

"If one is so employed that his time is not his own, at least he may live helpfully."—William E. Sweet in *The Business Man and His "Overflow"*, Association Press, New York. 75 cents.

Cymbals and Sounding Brass

By GEORGE GORDON.

MESSRS. E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY rarely publish a volume that does not, one way or another, intrigue my fancy, rouse my interest. There was that *Four Horsemen* that, though written at second hand and journalism of the most facile, sold so well; theirs is the new edition of Merrick, a presumably popular edition. And now they come with a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Arthur Symons's *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*.

Excellent reading—take my word for it. Mr. Symons has known the wisest, the most subtle, the most perverse of those who have written in England, France and Italy during the past thirty years; and he has learned something of style, the melody and meaning of words from all whom

he has known. And he has not only listened to their talk—undoubtedly the surest way to come to an understanding of them—but he has studied their books. And not theirs alone, but books—books—books—the poetic literature of the world—St. Augustine and Casanova, Ibsen, Byron, Conrad, Lamb, D'Annunzio, Moore, Meredith, Swinburne; who not?

And he has made recent French literature his especial province. If you are interested in Balzac, Zola, Flaubert, Verlaine, Mallarmé, you cannot afford to overlook Mr. Symons's essays. He is a connoisseur. Not simply one who has tasted of their knowledge, but one who has shared with them the fruit of the tree—one who understands their passions, their disillusion, their grave delight in the beautiful. I cannot imagine a finer essay on Gerard de Nerval than that which occupies third place in the present volume, a more sensitive appreciation of Villiers de L'Isle Adam; and though I give my preference to Dr. Havelock Ellis's estimate of Huysmans (in *Affirmations*), I feel sure that Huysmans himself must have preferred Mr. Symons's—it is, while not so searching, more sympathetic. There is nothing of the decadent in Dr. Ellis, but little of the poet, while Mr. Symons is, par excellence in English, the poet of Decadence, the critic of literary moods, the strange, the exotic, night flowers, the orchid raising its purple head from the dungpit, fin de siècle.

THE SYMBOLIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE. By ARTHUR SYMONS. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.

The Ears Between

By RUSSELL HOLMAN.

RETURNING from the baseball game at the Polo Grounds I looked up from the sporting page to listen.

"You can't tell me!" shouted the pearl colored derby. "He hasn't got the pep he used to have. That's easily seen. He's going back fast."

"Don't you believe it," said the other man. "He's just as good as ever. Still there with the old punch. It's the same with him as with a star in any game—always a lot of people shouting that he can't stand the pace, and all that."

But who? Who? Home Run Baker, Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson?

It was the pearl derby's station.

"Well," he bawled, "don't forget what I told you—he's through!"

"Kipling! Just read his latest volume of poems and find out."

"The Golden Rope"

THERE are critics of pictorial art who hold to the opinion that the British landscape of the Royal Academy school is about the dullest form of expression known to painting. And after reading the solemn platitudes about it poured out on paper by Alan Maclean, the narrator of J. W. Brodie-Innes's very, very Early Victorian novel called *The Golden Rope*, we are ready to agree that not only is the art dull, but its present expositor is the dullest talker on the subject we ever read.

Maclean went down to Wales to paint a picture of Pontylanyon Castle, as hundreds of British painters have gone on similar jaunts from time out of mind. But no sooner had he arrived on the scene of his sketching expedition than he became embroiled in a grand operative plot concerned with the rightful possession of the castle and its lands, in which all the characters of a mediæval romance are concerned with the castle as its setting. All ordinary processes of English law are suspended while the tale runs its wild and preposterous course to the end that an Austrian consul may be kidnapped and clapped into an insane asylum; the lord of the castle murdered; a spy incarcerated in a secret dungeon and sudden death stalks abroad in that quiet corner of Britain.

For confusion of plot, for soporific dullness, for general inanity and gross unreality this tale outdoes anything we have read in years. Even the author seems to have become submerged in the deadly boredom of Maclean's narrative and kills him off at the end by means of pneumonia brought on by watching his sweetheart sail away as another man's wife until a rising tide sweeps him out to sea and into his fatal illness. We don't like to be unduly hard on any hero. But stern justice compels us to say Maclean deserved his fate.

THE GOLDEN ROPE. By J. W. BRODIE-INNES. John Lane Company. \$1.40.

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